

## Mr. Sancho

### "What They Do"

Visit "[What They Do](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus [Fiend]

Oww I'm just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
come on  
I'm just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
ya heard me?

[Mr. Serv-On]

I got pimps lined up sayin' they lovin' my game  
I got bitches screamin' out they gave their baby my  
name  
I can't bust for nothing, I can't fight with no hoe  
I got 10 thousand project niggas rushing my show  
Pushing side to side, cause they feel what I say  
If you scared of real niggas, get the fuck out the way  
Never loving no bitch, I won't live cause I'm rich  
3rd Ward I represent it, yeah I'm bleeding for this  
I wear my tank with pride, ain't no peace in my eye  
Set a raw date, want my shit, and bitch you gon' die  
Never fucking told 'em, couldn't running from cowards  
No Limit, Tre 6, ya heard?, the world is ours

Chorus [Fiend]

Oww I'm just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
come on  
I'm just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
ya heard me?  
Just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
come on  
I'm just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
ya heard me?

[DJ Paul]

Until I go I'm hollerin', don't fuck with my click

It's Hypnotize, but I fucks with No Limit, bitch  
These words are out my mouth, are from my heart they  
come  
I cuts bitches with my Auto T '91  
I cock back the gat, niggas like on the run  
It's no release on the trigger, 'til job is done  
Off in my crew, lil' bitch, a coward has got no place  
We fire shots from a Navi off in your place  
Blaow, blaow, blaow

[Juicy J]

You got these Hoe-Town killas, M-Town figures  
Hooked up with the fools from New Orleans now we  
bigger  
Droppin' off them Kizzies, junkies yellin' crazy  
Can I get a hit before I put your block on frizzy?  
I told that fucking junkie, with his nose all ruined  
Get the fuck up out my face, I'm going to make this  
money  
And since I'm always stressin', I keep a Smith N  
Wesson  
I look him in the face and then I put two in his chest

Chorus [Fiend]

Oww I'm just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
come on  
I'm just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
ya heard me?  
Just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
come on  
I'm just doing what them drug dealers do  
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,  
ya heard me?

Visit [Mr. Sancho](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.